

Reticence
by Cecelia Hagen

I know exactly what's wrong,
though I say nothing. Reticence
is an art, surprising me
as I fumble with knives
and everything else, scarred
from years of being inept
and improving too slowly.

I think of creamy daphne
opening in the cold weeks of spring
for her display
of staying power,
the ridiculous bravery of that
scent, tangible petals opening
an invisible letter—me, I know
so many meager things,
when to be silent,
when to go.

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